

THE
CHARACTER
OF
An Informer.

WHEREIN

His Mischievous Nature, and Leud
Practises are Detected.



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THE

CHURCH

A Schismaticall Pamphlett.

As Informant

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of the same is Discovred



THE
CHARACTER
OF
An Informer.

AN Informer (I mean of the baser sort) whose Picture *only* is here intended to be drawn) Is one of the Devils *Nut* books; A Priviledg'd *Trapan*, or a Common *Barrator* under pretence of Authority: A *Petty-fogging* Catterpillar that scandalizes the *Law*, by making it necessary to his Rapines and Oppressions; A new *Trapp* for the Tongue, that *Lime-swigs* all that come near him, and puts most that he converses with, on the *Tenter-books* of an Indictment for nothing.

A mischeivous *Vermin*, bred out of the Corruption of the Body Politique; that feeds (like Toads) only on *Poysons*, and sucks the peccant Humours so long (like a Horse-leach) till he burst with Venosie, or is forc'd to disgorge by the *Emerick* quality of a *Halter*: He makes good the old *Maxime*, *Summum Jus, Summa Injuria*; and cuts Justice's *Balance* to peeces with her own *Sword*; He talks all *Law*, and never troubles his head with *Equity* or *Religion*, unless it be only to suppress them, and having no *Conscience* himself, is resolv'd to be a *Plague* to all those that dare own they have *any*: He never opens his Mouth but you shall see it *Lyn'd* with some old dormant
 Piece

Piece of *Poulton*, whom he Reads meeterly as *Conjurors* do Scripture, to do mischief with it; You would think him bred a *Glacier*, he is so apt to pick *Quarrels*; or some broken *Marchants* that his fling his Soul over-board, to make himself every way a Compleat *Bankrupt*. He will Court a man to beat him, that he may worry him next Sessions for the Battery, and dropp dangerous words on purpose to Prosecute you for Concealing them; Presentments, Citations, Warrants, Convictions, *Seizures*, &c. are his vniversal Language; and he is better acquainted with the Form of an *Indictment*, than his *Pater Noster*, for he never names God, but when he Swears by Him.

His Revenue consists in *Actions Popular*, and his whole Employment is to go a Fishing with *Pearl Seasurs*; he thinks by that to take store of fat *Gulgeins*, but at last catches only a *Frogg*? For his militions Project (like Chymical Attempts of *Transmuting Mettalls*) seldom answer the trouble and Charge; and his mighty Incomes of *Pesalties* can but just purchase *A's* enough to make him *dunk*, and afterwards he is forc'd to run on Tick (at a *faeinds*) for *Coffee* to make him *Sober*; if he may be said ever to be so; whose Hair-brain'd Skull is perpetually *Hurricane'd* with Malice, and in Child-bed throws till tis Delivered of some New-minted *Villiany*.

There is nothing in Nature so base and Contemp'able as one of his *Quality*; a *Bum-Bailer* is a worthy Gentleman to him, and the *Apparator* scorns his Company more than a *Phisatigue* does a *Parfait*: the Boyes stare on him as a Monster; Big-bellied Women are ready to Miscarry at the sight of him, and People generally avoid his Converse as they would do the *Pestilence*, and indeed they have reason, for he is one of Gods more greivous *Jugements*! Squire *Kerab* himselfe would not endure the Scandal of drinking a Pot with him, were he not in certain hopes of a future Advantage by him? A Popish Fire-

ball

that Flinger is not more Hated in the City than he, on ly the *Justice* *Clare* and *W. Gill* *Carr*, because he brings the most Gifts to his Mill, and warrants him a Trade.

The Wise *Athenians* (we read) Banish a *Coffin-maker* out of their City, because the cause of his Mirth was others sickness; what would they have done with such a *Setting-dog*, (who like a Beast of Prey) lives wholly on mischief, and can neither eat nor drink, without some Law be violated; so that if ever he say any *Prayer*, they are only this Man may daily encrease their Crimes, and Act more unlawful things; that his *Gains* may rise proportionably. For though like a Cunning Archer, he seem to make the Publique Service the Mark of his aim, yet he squins aside at his own Ends, which are the true Butt all the Arrows of his Prosecutions are shot at: He pretends himself a Zealot for the Law, And the Churches Chief *Scavenger*; But is in truth a prostituted Varlet, and for all him, *Episcopacy* might lye in the Kennel, and Acts of Parliament (though never so just and necessary) stop Mustard pots, If he did not hope to get a *Spill* by them. And for Two-pence Advance, from either *Genius* or *Rome*, He undertake the same Fellow would burn the Common *Prayer*, and tear *Missa* *Charts* to pieces, if he have not done it already,

Whatever boasts therefore he makes of his *Loyalty*, or *Orthodoxy*, those that wear any Eyes about them will judge, so that a Man can scarce make the best Subject, and that we are like to have a Glorious Reformation, when open *Prophaneness* is Employed to Correct supposed *Heresies*: A good Cause is undoubtedly Scandaliz'd by such vile Instruments, and could not but Blush to see those Prosecute Persons for *Ceremonial* *Non-conformities*, who are themselves so much *unconformable* to all the Fundamental Laws of Religion and *Morality*? Does it not seem excellently to hear one of these Promoting Hectors Cry out, *Dismiss me, before I have done, I'll make*

all these *Pasquique Sons of Whores* come to our Church, and serve the Lord God gallantly. Is not this think you A fit Agent to proselyte Dissenters? A rare *Saints-Bell* to Ring all into the Organs? Yet examine his Pedigree, and you must confess him descended of an ancient Stock, being the Son of *Abaddon*, or a natural By-blow of *Belshazzar*, whom without breach of Charity, we may Conclude to be the first Founder of this Order of Informants, since the Scripture reckons amongst his Titles, That of *Accuser of the Brethren*. Nor is he less nobly Allied, For *Haman* and *Judas* were his two Elder Brothers, and Free of the same *Trade*, though both *Hang'd*, Which serves only as an *Omen* of what at least he deserves, though the times should prove so unjust as not to give it him. His Younger Years were but an Apprentiship in *Disbauchery*, and having by *Lust* and *Riot*, consumed his Patrimony, or what he could *Creep* others of, he now Imagines to Retreive a Fortune by *Sporting* and wasting those that have been either more *Pious* or *Industrious*. He has *brake* oftner than a Town-Gallant has been Clapt, and followed more Tricks than a Country Mercer usurps Trades; But all *failing*, The Devil in pure pitty wilst him to this *New* Employ, and furnish him with a prodigious *Stock* of Wickedness to set up with; yet being unwilling to Trust him without *Security*, he freely made a *Mortgage* of his *Soul*, and Swears he has Cheated the Subtle *Fiend*, becau'e it was *Forfeited* long before. He is now as *eager* after his Prey as a half-starv'd Cormorant, and cares not though he Ruine *half* a Nation, to supply his own prodigalities, Being so perfectly Mercenary, That he would accuse his *own* Father (if he did but know him) of Treason, and burn his Mother for a *Witch*, to get *Six-pence*. He values an *Oath* no more than a Gamester, and swallows *Perjuries* as fast and as easily as a Juggler does Pins and Daggers.

He *Ferrets* a *Conventicle* just as a *Poll cat* does Rabbits

bets in their Burroughs, and the Rich men there *skulke* down in their Pews when they see him come in, dreading him more than a Partridge does a Hawke, or a City Crack a *Marshal's Man*. I never before knew the meaning of that Latine Proverbe, *Lupus in Fabula*, but now I Guesse the English to be *An INFORMER* in a *Meeting-house*, for sure the sight of him is enough to make a *Teacher* *hoarse*; most of the Day he spends *perane* in blind Ale-houses, and little Sallies, to discover who hath the *Impudence* to serve God, And before Night he is sure to be in the *Crown Office*: A *Justice of Peace* can never be at quiet for him; and the honest *Constable* looks up him as his *Evil Genius* that is perpetually haunting and Egging him on to Mischief: Yet though he be thus *troublesome* to others, he is still his own greatest Enemy, for whilst he Designs harm to others, it redounds to himself; And *Good-men* like *Common-ills* grows the better (perhaps the more *numerous* and faster) for his treading them down, He being only as a *black gronna* to set of the *lustre* of their Merits, since often times whilst Malice seeks to wound,; it *cures* those against whom tis Level'd, and *destroys* it self, like the *Glass* that Reverberating the Serpents Poyson *Kill'd* her with her own weapon.

Just as he gets his Money he spends it, For as he takes Wages to Fight against God, so he lays it out again in the Service of the Devil, Consuming in Bawdy-houses, what he gets by Surprizing Meeting-houses; So that his Rapines not being able to supply his prodigal Debaucheries, and his Hellish Designs, being blasted by Heaven, He is either forced at last to cast Anchor in a Goal, or else is Mowed down as a Noxious Weed by the Syth of Justice: To which deserved Fate I leave, &c.

I leave him, if in the mean time his guilty *Conscience* (hitherto *smothered*) do not before *Revive* and Condemn him, And he himself save the *Hargman* a Labour, by preventing Him.

— Dabit *Deme* His quoque.

Finem,